

HalfLife: Classified

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Summary: Five extremely different people, all in Black Mesa then thrust into the Combine Superworld this is their story.... Some Parts Are Different to The Original Storyline PLEASE R&R :D

1. Unreasonable Circumstances

****Half-Life: Classified****

****Chapter 1: Unreasonable Circumstances****

****Outside Barracks 12****

****Clearance- Level Three****

****Time- 08:20am****

Sam Wretchly awoke, alarmed. The dorm was empty; unusually, since it was a hive of noise and activity that could rarely be quietened. He glanced across at his alarm clock, and cursed uncontrollably. The thin red arms were locked in position; it had run out of batteries, and he was late.

He pulled himself up out of his rusty metal bed but with a swift BANG collapsed back down on to his bed; it creaked as he rubbed his head. The shelf above his bed was creaking too and starting to splinter - suddenly, it collapsed. Sam managed to roll out of his bed but found himself on the cold, hard concrete floor with an avalanche of big, thick books raining down on him. The books landed beside him with loud SMACKS.

He forced himself up into a standing position and rubbed his now-aching back.

"Shit!" he exclaimed angrily to an empty room. His roommates had not warned him about the time - 'they probably thought it would be hysterical', he thought furiously. His eyes were mildly blurred as he

reached down for his glasses and propped them on his nose. The dim, artificial light sent down dingy light ****that made the shadows short and blunt as Sam scrambled to put on his regulation clothes. The clothes, all of them incredibly dreary, consisted of wafer-thin trousers, a flimsy white shirt, boring black shoes and the signature deathly-white lab coat with the Black Mesa symbol emblazoned on one side.

He strode up to the large mirror upon one of the sickly lime-green walls. The floor clicked and clacked under his black shoes. He stood in front of the mirror, his deep blue eyes, framed by glasses, stared back at him.

Sam bent down and splashed the cold, Arizonian water over his tanned face. He brushed his teeth quickly and put a small amount of super-strength gel in his spiky brown hair. He glanced up at the clock above the expanse of mirror **_- _**he was seriously late.

He quickly picked up his security swipe card and dashed towards the heavy metal door.

The door hissed as it opened out to the bland expanse of orange that was the Arizona desert. The heat was unbearable as he left the air-conditioned bliss of the barracks and was laid bare to the full might of the desert sun. The high concrete walls provided some relief, in the form of dark shadows. The sand crunched under his feet.

Several security guards were standing officially near four separate doors. Most of the guards were sweating heavily and walking between the stark shadows in search of respite from the heat.

Sam walked up to a concrete wall with a door inserted in the front. There was a large white number three stencilled on the wall. The security guard near the door was leaning against the wall; he looked bored.

"Security Level," he droned.

"Level Three," Sam replied, as beads of sweat dribbled down his face.

"Can you please swipe the card," said the guard unenthusiastically.

Sam swiped his card through the reader. It beeped, signifying that he could go through.

"Well all seems in order, wait here," he saidApathetically.

He moved heavily round to the retinal scanner, and bent down. A buzzing sound sounded out, and a bright red light emitted from the scanner. The door hissed open and Sam sighed happily as the air-conditioned air wafted round him, instantly making him cooler.

"You lucky bastard!" the security guard laughed.

"Poor you!" Sam replied.

Normally scientists and security guards despised each other, mainly because the posh people looked down on the security guards. Luckily, however, Sam was well-liked by both and they did not force them to pick between one or the other.

The room was very large and was plastered with leaflets; it was extremely high-ceilinged and was completely devoid of people.

Sam walked up to the huge metallic tram that dominated the room. He entered the tram and sat down on one of the hard seats, which were upholstered with a thin red material. Suddenly, the tram's automatic voice kicked in:

"Hello and welcome to the Black Mesa Facility. Black Mesa values each and every one of its workers for their personal contributions to the organisation. This is tram number 36 and it is inbound to Level 3, entry airlock C. If you have boarded the wrong tram, or wish to take another tram, please continue riding the tram until it reaches the Tram Central Hub. If your tram should malfunction in any way or cease to move, do not panic - a helpful mechanic will be along shortly to fix the problem. Black Mesa also provides a disabled bay, available at the back of the carriage, to any who may need it. Have a safe and productive day."

Sam had grown to loathe that automated voice. Every day it would chirp on about Black Mesa and how wonderful it was, and every day it seemed to get more annoying.

The metal vessel slithered through the inner workings of the Black Mesa facility, giving its passengers a good view of everything that was going on, from robots clambering through highly volatile substances to humble mechanics making everything run smoothly. Black Mesa was government-run, so that made it one of the most efficient places in the country, but Sam, whose security clearance level was still low, did not know much more than that.

The tram carried on descending towards a suspended metal platform. There was a security guard awaiting him on the platform, apparently unfazed by the fact that there was little more than a few inches of metal platform preventing him from falling sixty feet and landing onto cold concrete.

As the tram slowly approached the platform, the automated voice kicked in again.

"Welcome to Level 3, entry airlock C. Please mind the gap as you leave the train and have a safe and productive day," it drawled.

The security guard approached the tram.

"All right, Wretch?" the guard questioned, typing in the pass to let him exit the train. "Yes, but I wish you'd stop calling me that," Sam laughed as he stepped over the gap.

A tram silently meandered by. Standing inside it was a man in a grey suit, not showing one flicker of emotion as he rode the tram alone.

"Who's that?" said the guard, whose name was James.

"I haven't got a clue," Sam replied as the car slowly turned round the corner, then went out of sight.

"You're bloody late," James laughed, as they approached the door. "They're pretty stirred up - " he paused and smirked. "All you bloody scientists are."

Sam nearly smirked as well.

The soldier standing on guard put his eyes to the retinal scanner. Yet again, red light was emitted from the scanner. The large metal bars moved out of the door and retracted into their holes. The doors opened slowly, showing a massive airlock-

****Main B Lobby****

****Clearance-Level 4****

****Time- 08:45 am****

Dr Walter Finch ran his hands nervously through his thinning hair.

Today was a worrying day - he had a new laser to be delivered in half an hour, and there was a massive experiment in progress in the Anomalous Material sector. His sweat was slowly increasing and he cursed the air-conditioning. The unit was temperamental and prone to failing, and today it seemed to be in a particularly bad mood. The room was now 7 degrees hotter than the rest of the facility and many people that did not need to be there were avoiding it.

The security guard that was sitting behind the computer bank was sipping ice-cold water and checking over the CCTV of the facility. He looked up and gave Walter a look of disgust.

Walter ****hated**** security guards. They were constantly cocky and arrogant towards Walter, just because he could get a good job and they couldn't.

Suddenly, the guard called out:

"Oi, Egghead, your truck's coming."

Walter looked up to see the heavy metal doors opening-

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****Inside Barracks 20****

****Clearance Level 2****

****Time-08:55 am ****

Dave looked over at his brother, Nathan, and laughed. They were going to give him a rough time. Nathan by all accounts, was a bed head and there was no way to wake him, except for this -

As they finally finished the preparations, Dave looked around the

room. It was a small, blue-painted room with old furniture - a few scattered seats, a creaky desk in the corner and three sets of bunk beds, all smelling faintly of people.

Yes, when Dave came to Black Mesa, he hadn't expected this-

Some of his room-mates pulled back the bland bed coverings, hauled Nathan out and let him fall ungraciously to the bed of blankets on the floor.

"Oi! What the hell?" Nathan shouted as his roommates burst out laughing.

Dave smirked.

"Bastards aren't they?" he said loudly.

Nathan glanced up and saw his brother sitting on his bed, reading the paper.

"No we're not, and you'd better get going - you've got to be there in five minutes!" exclaimed one of the hysterically laughing group of security guards.

They were not lying; the clock read 8:56am, which meant that the two brothers had to get going fast. Nathan quickly put on random pieces of security uniform and his Kevlar vest. Nathan and Dave checked over each other to make sure they were wearing the correct uniform.

Dave had long black hair, which framed his undistinguished, average-looking face; he was a bit overweight, although it didn't show, but then he was 35, after all. Nathan was quite short, with dark brown hair and what used to be called an 'emo-fringe', which sometimes obscured his bright green eyes.

After all their 'checks' were finished, they dashed towards the stylish glass door that opened out into the security corridor. As they barged through the glass door ****they entered the security corridor. The corridor was bland and cream-coloured, with one thin blue line painted across the left side of the wall. 'Security Headquarters' was embossed in white letters on the wall. The large-bulbed lights provided adequate light, seeing as they were underground and there was no natural light available. All Nathan knew was that they were located deep underground for added protection.

Nathan and Dave sprinted down the corridor. They came to another security checkpoint with their friend, Daryl, guarding it.

"All right?" Daryl said amiably, as he opened the ultra-modern glass door for them.

This door opened out into a grand room coated in blue paint. Hanging on the back wall was a coat of arms, depicting a hawk and a serpent fighting; that was embossed on every shield-shaped badge the guards wore.

The marble floor was extremely well-polished and most of the furniture was chrome. A heavy chandelier hung above the main desk, which was also chrome, and manned by several secretaries sitting

behind stylish computers.

One secretary glanced up from behind her computer.

"He will see you now," she chirped happily.

'He' referred to Jack Gobright, who ruled the security forces with an iron fist and didn't show any tendencies of compassion to any guards.

"Right, you can go and mend the elevator on D-Sector," Jack growled angrily, when they entered the man's office.

"But we're not mechanics - we're security guards!" the brothers moaned.

"And I am your superior, so you will obey me; now get out of my office!" Jack ordered fiercely.

The brothers didn't even think about starting an argument with the boss, since they would either get punched or get fired, so they were resigned to the fact that they would now be fixing an elevator.

They went out into the central tram hub. It was a sea of vibrant colours with silver trams slowly meandering between station platforms. The brothers queued up behind a tram that would take them to Sector D. Selfishly, two scientists barged past the brothers to get on the tram.

"Oi, we were here before you!" Dave shouted.

"Well, we've got important papers to sign and we're already ten minutes late," one of the scientists retorted.

The brothers managed to squeeze on to the tram with the scientists, and it slowly began to move.

"This is Tram 12 offering a safe journey through the inner workings of the Black Mesa facility. Please mind the windows and doors as you exit, and please mind your step as you exit the tram," the strict voice said, full of insincerity.

The tram weaved its way through the web of tunnels and finally stopped at the platform. The tram was packed with people and the heat and stuffiness were unbearable.

"Open it!" one scientist barked.

The metal door slid open and a wave of people, Dave and Nathan included, poured out of the tram and down the platform. Instead of going through the main airlock, they detoured and went through a splintered wooden door, weaving between the emergency passages.

CLANG!

"OW!" Nathan shouted.

Dave spun around to see his brother furiously rubbing his head, and a large light swinging violently. Dave burst out laughing.

"Stop that!" Nathan laughed, as he started to walk again. "No time for laughing, we got to be quick!" -

****Black Mesa Administrative Complex****

****Clearance- Level 5****

****Time: 09:20am****

Dr Jane Owen gazed out from her plush office. The thin glass window gave her a complete, unblocked view over the main first floor complex. Scientists and security guards were bustling around on the floor below.

She sipped out of her clean plastic cup; the pure, cooling water was soothing.

She had to go to a meeting soon. This meeting, if she guessed right, could make or break an Administrator like her. She was the Administrator of Security. Stereotypical of a girl? That's what most people said, but she also knew a lot of things about the base. For example, she knew that Black Mesa was an underground complex because the American Government wanted to conduct 'secret' experiments away from the prying eyes of the media.

She lounged back in her stylish leather chair. She was very lucky; her parents had died very young and she had been orphaned by a poor family. The only way she'd managed to get her doctorate was through serious luck and hard work.

Jane flicked a strand of long red hair out of her light blue eyes; almost instantly, the phone began to ring in a high-pitched tone. She picked up the receiver with her slender fingers and listened intently.

"We need you, quickly!" the man said urgently; the sound of an intense argument could be heard in the background.

Jane quickly thrust herself out of the chair and slid her thin feet into a pair of elegant high heels. She opened the large mahogany door, which opened out into a small reception room. A varnished desk had been placed in one corner and her secretary, Seline, was sitting behind it.

"Tell all my appointments that I have had to cancel," Jane barked.

"What reason?" Seline enquired.

"Illness," Jane said sarcastically as she shut the door.

The administrators were, in the eyes of themselves and the people around them, a _different _class. They despised the scientists and security guards, regarding both with equal displeasure. The guards and scientists, however, loathed the administrators for their personal wealth.

Jane walked on the specially-constructed glass walkway that gave her a panoramic view over Main Lobby B. She squinted down to see Walter

Finch. He was sweating profusely as a lorry tried to manoeuvre into the lobby - this was a tight squeeze, but there was no other place for it to go, as Main Lobby B was the only road access.

She quickened her pace towards the next metal door and swiped her security card through the reader. ACCESS GRANTED appeared on the screen beside the reader. With a faint click the door swung open, like a Venus fly trap awaiting a particularly succulent fly.

The red satin-lined corridor had oak doors set in it at intervals with 'Candle-bulb' light fixtures along the walls. A heated discussion could be heard on the other side of one door, which was marked 'Board Room.'

She approached the door and gave three brisk knocks. The argument finished abruptly and ominously.

"Come in," one professor ranted, still annoyed by the argument.

Jane entered into an oak panelled room with thick green carpet. A long, polished table dominated the small room; ten quaint chairs were set around the table, all occupied, apart from hers. She took a sip of the hot coffee on the table in front of her and casually said:

"Brief me."

Two opposing men seemed to grapple sub-consciously for the right to be the first to speak. Eventually one Dr Wallace Breen, Administrator of Scientific Research, turned to her.

"Jane, we need you to approve an experiment which will be taking place today, imminently, I'm not saying it will be an easy experiment - there will be power surges and possible black outs. May I continue?" he asked hopefully.

"I'm not interested," Jane said, smirking.

"Well, we have a very precious piece of 'material' that we would like to test in the Anomalous Materials Research Lab - "

Suddenly, Breen was cut off by Professor Glaston, who interjected,

"You and I both know, _Breen_, that the 'material' you're planning on using is _highly volatile_" he shouted.

"This is a once in a life-time opportunity, we've never had the capabilities!" Breen retorted.

"Silence," Jane said calmly above the overpowering noise. This was, as she had dreaded earlier, one of those moments where administrators' lives could either take to the skies or hit rock bottom. She took a shuddering breath.

"I've come to a decision."

Everyone in the cramped room locked onto her, their stares burning into her.

"I've decided to go ahead with the experiment," she said positively, immediately feeling a huge weight lifting from her chest.

Dr Glaston stood up and walked across the room.

"Why do you always agree with your precious 'Breeny'? Well this, and I'm certain, is going to be one hell of a fuck-up, mark my words!" he hissed, and with that he stormed through the door. Another doctor hurried out after him, muttering something to Jane about "calming him down."

Jane was not worried by this. She sat calmly before the seven representatives still in front of her.

"Dr Breen, I'll send all the guards you need and any other supplies," she told him, then rounded on the other administrators.

"You've been warned of potential power failures, so no major tests, etcetera," she said coldly.

She stood up from her chair. She was going to prove Glaston wrong

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****Main B Lobby****

****Clearance-Level 4****

****Time- 09:25 am****

Walter helped to manoeuvre the truck into the gigantic entrance lobby. The truck slowly curved around, inches away from a bank of computer and television screens at the side of the hall.

Suddenly, Professor Glaston sprinted across the hall; he dashed towards Walter, keeping his stare unaltered. He ran in front of the truck, which swerved to avoid him; security guards that had been guiding the truck leapt out of the way. The laser rolled ominously and slammed into the chains supporting it, then the chains snapped with a ping and the laser rolled off the truck.

Professor Glaston was now underneath the truck screaming in pain; meanwhile, the laser careered down the lobby before finally smashing into the bank of screens with a loud crunch.

The truck driver braked and slowly came to a halt. The lobby was a mess - glass shards, metal and scratches were plastered over the walls and floor.

The truck driver got out of the car and, successfully, heaved Professor Glaston out from under the truck - luckily, he was unharmed.

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING!" he snarled.

"It was important," Glaston stuttered.

"I'll show you important!" the driver roared, raising his fist -

(Well there is chapter one fellow readers if you enjoyed this story I will continue with more chapters PLEASE REVIEW :D)

2. Volatile Materials

****Half-Life: Classified****

****Chapter 2: Volatile Materials****

****Anomalous Materials Viewing Station****

****Clearance- Level Three****

****Time- 09:30am****

The airlock process was a long one, especially at Airlock C, which was always temperamental. Sam's boss was going to kill him. Suddenly, the large iron bars slid back into their holding chambers. The doors opened themselves slowly, as if taunting them. Finally the voice that would consistently bore them began to speak.

"Welcome to the Floor Three Scientific Laboratories," Then, abruptly, the voice seemed to change: "Please be aware that there may be power surges and blackouts today due to an experiment in the Anomalous Materials department."

The voice suddenly and sharply cut out. Sam looked bemused; he hadn't noticed this part of the announcement before. This was strange. He stepped onto the hard floor and went over to the security desk.

"Hi," Sam began, but the receptionist cut him off before he could ask the rest of the question.

"She's over there," he replied heatedly, but then he shook himself. "Sorry. The system has crashed three times this morning, so sorry, plus there's no mail."

Sam walked, slowly, towards the wooden door with "Carla Winterson" engraved on the nameplate. He knocked quickly and entered her office. The occupant spun round, with a look of contempt on her face.

"Good afternoon," she hissed.

"I can give you an honest answer, really," Sam whined, but she lifted a thin hand and motioned for complete silence.

"Today, Sam, I can't be bothered, to be completely honest, so all I want _you _to do is go down to the Anomalous Materials lab and give me a report," she ordered sternly.

"What about my experiment?" Sam asked proudly.

"After the utter lack of responsibility you showed today, I would not put you near a kindergarten science kit! Plus all experiments have been cancelled today," she paused and gave him a piercing stare. "And don't even think about questioning my judgment. Now get out," she spat.

Sam twisted round and stomped out of the room, slamming the door behind him so hard that it rattled on its hinges.

"Good one doc, she's a bitch!" the guard behind the desk said approvingly, and whistled.

Sam smiled and walked over to the elevator. Suddenly, there was a low rumble and the lights flickered.

"They must be starting," Sam thought. He couldn't mess this up, or Carla would own his arse...

He sprinted away from the elevator to the stairwell. The metal clanged heavily underfoot as he hurtled down the stairs.

"Minor power failure. System has been restored to normal status," the annoying automated voice announced over the PA system.

Sam stampeded through a glass door into a corridor with a scanner on the wall. He hurried over to the panel and thrust his hand onto the cool surface. "Fingerprint detected - access level granted", the scanner read. The door moved aside slowly, and Sam burst through it as fast as he could.

A sign reading "Anomalous Materials" was suspended from the ceiling by small chains, its arrow pointing in the direction of another door. Sam walked through to the Anomalous Materials Lab. Dr Wallace Breen joined Sam and accompanied him as he walked towards the large Viewing/Control Station.

"Carla told me you would be doing a report. Don't miss anything out," he said, grinning. "This is going to be a productive day, I can sense it..."

"Yes, sir, I will report every detail in full," Sam droned, with as much sarcasm as he thought he could get away with - without being fired on the spot, anyway.

"Good," Breen replied.

The door slid open as they approached the Control Station. The station was a hive of activity; a bank of computers lined the wall, bleeping ominously and occasionally spitting out pieces of paper. Three stressed-looking scientists sat behind chairs at a long desk of complicated machines. As soon as Breen entered the room, they seemed to occupy themselves with even more tasks. Breen did and said nothing; he just walked briskly behind the scientists towards a chair at the back of the Control Station. Sam noticed that there was no chair for him.

He leaned against the back wall, picked up a clipboard and began to write his formal report. Irritatingly, the sound of one of the scientist's voices carried across the room:

"Gina, can you put the sample in the cart and raise the platform, please?" he asked pleasantly.

As Gordon went to the cart, an extra scientist rushed in.

"Tom Green, why are you always late?" another scientist shouted.

As the cart slowly ascended into the laser 'arena', Breen slowly rose

from his chair and then swiftly left the room. Sam wondered why, but thought nothing more of it and continued to write on the clipboard.

"Freeman, will you push the cart into the beam, please?" the scientist ordered.

The lights suddenly blacked out and the laser stopped moving, and then everything restarted.

"Sorry about that," he apologised. "Minor power failure, should be back on track imminently."

A deep buzzing indicated that the laser was prepared and ready for use.

"Firing primary laser," said the scientist nervously. "Firing boosters."

A thunderous noise erupted as green pulsating light blasted out of the laser beam.

"Freeman, get out of there!" he shouted.

Arcs of lightning smashed into the chamber walls. One hit the fan above, which gave an eerie creaking noise. Freakishly, another arc demolished the glass front and crashed into the bank of computers. Fire and sparks showered out of the computers, and the computer screens exploded, showering the room with sharp glass pieces.

Sam dove down to the ground as the wall cracked and high-pitched screams erupted. Another twist of lightning hit one of the scientists at the front; he was propelled backwards and smashed into the large computer with a sickening squelch.

By now, fire had engulfed the entire station. The heat was unbearable; sweat was pouring off Sam's face as apocalyptic roars and explosions rocked the facility. Cups and small office accessories rolled and tumbled off the desk in a miniature avalanche. Suddenly, the bank of computers exploded again, sending more fragments of glass and masses of burning and smouldering paper flying across the room.

Smoke lay heavily in the sealed chamber, and it slowly crept into Sam's lungs. He gave out feeble coughs, barely audible amid the noise of the catastrophic chamber. He could feel his lungs giving in; his breathing became heavy and shallow, like an old man's. His eyes were watering feverishly and he shut them, but then he realised that all his strength was lost and he could not open his eyes. He drifted into a semi-coma...

****Administrative Complex****

****Clearance-Level Five****

****Time- 09:25am****

Dr Jane Owen walked back towards her office across the walkway, Suddenly, she stopped and gazed at the horror below. A laser had rolled off the truck and had smashed into the bank of televisions.

Guards had bustled and crowded around the accident scene . Professor Glaston was lying on the floor and the truck driver was rising his fist above him, ready to strike.

Jane smirked, nearly smiling but reining her true feelings just in time so that nobody else could see them. She was a woman of authority - no emotions to be shown, because emotions were a sign of weakness. Turning off her emotions was automatic now, like flicking a switch in her brain.

She strode over to the keypad and tapped her four-figure security code in. It was immediately accepted and the door opened obligingly.

Dr Owen turned the corner and opened her oak door into the reception room, only to find Seline in what could only be described as a compromising position with a colleague. They immediately stopped what they were doing and blushed deeply, trying to cover themselves anyway they could. Jane's blood boiled with rage, but she wasn't about to let her anger show - her face displayed only the merest hint of a frown.

"Get out, both of you," she said coldly. "Now."

Seline and her colleague rushed to their clothes and hastily dressed. They scampered to the door in relative silence when Seline whispered nervously, "I'm so sorry, I would never have -"

She was cut off suddenly as Dr Owen loudly repeated:

"Out!"

They left quietly and shut the door softly behind them.

Dr Owen burst into her office, anger still coursing through her veins. She threw herself into her leather chair and picked up her sleek black telephone.

"Work Administrator, _please_," Dr Owen growled, struggling even to say the word 'please.'

The operator connected her immediately.

"Hello, this is your Work Administrator. How can I help you?" said the friendly-sounding woman on the other end of the line.

"I would like a new receptionist immediately," said Dr Owen, still trying hard to conceal her impatience.

"Who is your current receptionist and what is your reason for the change?" the woman asked politely - it seemed to Jane that you could kill her whole family and she would still have the same sunny disposition. Jane cleared her throat.

"My current receptionist is Seline Dawson and the reason for requesting a replacement is Seline's inappropriate behaviour and, uh, _unacceptable fraternisation _during work hours with a colleague."

"I see," the operator answered. "We can arrange this immediately -"

"

Suddenly, the phone cut out, the lights vanished and the room was cast into dark shadows.

"What the hell?" said Jane aloud as the lights flashed back into action.

The phone suddenly buzzed, and she picked up the receiver. Dr Breen was on the end of the line.

"Yes, Dr Breen, what is it? I thought you were in the Viewing Station," she stated, surprised.

"Well, Jane, Glaston was right. The material is extremely volatile, and I know for a fact that this experiment will not only go wrong but be the direct cause of a new world order," he said calmly.

Jane could only stare into space, stunned by what she'd just heard. Breen continued:

"The material will open an interdimensional rift, creating a portal to a planet known as Xen. Several monsters will escape through this portal, all of them highly dangerous, and they will wreak havoc until, that is, the mighty Combine save the human race and change it for good! There is no way you can stop me from joining them - instead, I ask you to join me. As a Combine General, you will rule over one of the many cities that they will establish here on Earth and control it completely. This will be one of the greatest leaps of science ever! So what is it to be, Jane?"

Jane shook all over; she didn't know what to do. Was it a test? Was he telling the truth?

Jane bit her tongue and took decisive action.

"Yes," she said unemotionally.

Breen replied with silence and immediately hung up the phone.

Jane started to sweat profusely. Had she lost her job? Did she make the wrong decision? Was Breen a double-crosser, and her with him? These perplexing questions swam feverishly through her brain and there seemed to be no answer to them. She rose from her chair to walk to the Anomalous Materials labs. She exited her office at speed and almost flew through the reception room, then started to dash down the corridor to the walkway.

"Open the door," she bellowed. "NOW!"

The guard immediately opened the door and she stormed through. She wasn't sure what was going on, but she was going to find Breen and an explanation - right now.

The walkway she was walking across was held up by thick woven steel wires, each of which was fastened securely to the concrete ceiling. The metal floor clanged under her slender feet as she crossed the walkway. Horrifically deep, loud noises echoed and thundered around the chamber and the walkway wobbled ominously. Jane instinctively grabbed hold of the metal handrail. Her knuckles whitened as she

gritted her teeth; then, for the third time, the lights vanished, leaving Jane in total darkness.

The deep noise reached a crescendo and the glass surrounding the walkway cracked. The cracks raced away to the corners of the pane, while the walkway itself and the wires that held it up groaned, as if on the verge of collapse. Jane threw herself to the ground as the wires snapped and panged, the walkway shaking from the tremendous force of the mini-earthquake happening down in the Anomalous Materials department.

Finally, the walkway gave out and crashed down to the icy ground below. Jane screamed as the glass gave way and shattered into little darts. The lights were still swinging violently from the impact; the light bulbs were raining down and exploding as they hit the floor while sparks shot out of the light sockets. Glass shards dug into Jane's face and skin and she sobbed as she felt blood flowing down her face. Terrifyingly, large green lights were flashing in front of her like emerald orbs.

The door above her was hanging off its hinges now, swinging slowly. The rumbling and vibrating stopped, and then Jane started to scream. She could hear other moans and screams now, coming from across the room.

Without warning, the door groaned loudly and snapped off its hinges. It plummeted down towards her; she rolled quickly out of the way as it soared past and buried itself into the wall, quivering ominously like a knife wedged in a chopping board.

There was a high-pitched squeal somewhere above her and then a small chicken-like creature, with a large, gaping mouth claws where the chicken's legs should have been, soared down towards Jane's face
-

****Elevator Shaft D****

****Clearance- Level 2****

****Time- 09:25am****

The glass door swung shut behind Nathan and Dave as they finally glimpsed the elevator shaft. Thin shards of light were showing through one of the small windows.

They clambered towards the metal elevator door, with Nathan slowly following behind Dave like a leopard stalking its prey. They glared down the shaft through the window - there was a scientist gesticulating wildly at them and shouting "Get me out of here, you scum!"

Snide comments and rude hand gestures didn't really affect the thick-skinned security guards; they were used to the scientists' heartless comments by now, and they just let the insults and unpleasant comments bounce off them.

Nathan flicked his head, trying to get his 'emo-fringe' out of his eyes; he constantly did this, making it look as though he had some kind of nervous twitch. At the same time, Dave took the long red crowbar - a security guard's best friend - out of his belt loop and

slid it in through the gap in the elevator doors.

Together, the two brothers wrenched at the elevator shaft's protective doors. The doors opened slowly in front of them and then they saw the elevator shaft, a seemingly endless pit going down and down. There was a faint glow just visible at the bottom of the shaft, like a dying light in a bleak corridor.

Dave rushed back to the tiny equipment room. The walls of this room were plastered in white paint, lined with shelves and racks of tools. Each shelf was laden with equipment, from belts and torches to a whole range of other utensils. Dave looked up and down the metal shelves, then picked up two support belts and two high-strength carbines, before dashing back to Nathan - who was, yet again, flicking his fringe out of his vivid green eyes.

He threw Nathan a carbine and one of the heavy utility belts. They quickly got into the belts and attached their carbines to the thick support wire of the elevator. Dave locked his legs around the support wire and slid down slowly.

The elevator itself was a white, steel-framed construction with toughened glass round the outer shell. Dave and Nathan landed on the roof of the lift; the scientist stared up at them evilly as they started to fiddle with the elevator roof. Suddenly, the lights went out before restoring to full brightness in an instant.

"Your fault again?" the scientist asked angrily.

"No," they replied, suppressing their rage, "apparently the whole system is going crazy because of the experiment downstairs."

"I know - I'm Stephen Hill, and I'm going to be bloody late _again _because of you!" he shouted. "I have Level Four clearance so watch out for your jobs!"

Nathan and Dave stopped in stunned silence; they were fired, for good. Despite this, they continued to work in the same stunned silence and Dave lifted the cover of the electrical box, the cable light under his hands. As soon as the cover was off, the lights went out and they were plunged into darkness again.

"Oh for fuck's sake," the scientist moaned loudly, "I'm meant to be there..." he paused. "I have to make sure it doesn't happenâ€¦" he added hastily.

The lights slowly flickered on and off, the poor light radiating out into the shaft and then drawing back again. They slowly reconnected the wire and the elevator started a slow descent towards its targeted floor.

"Well, you can go now," the scientist growled.

Nathan and Dave exchanged looks.

Suddenly, a deep violent noise erupted up through the concrete and the lights cut out again.

"Shit," the scientist said furiously, as large green orbs appeared in the shaft outside. "I'm meant to be gone!"

The wires tightened and slackened alarmingly and the shaft began to shake freakishly, cracks slicing through the concrete walls. Nathan and Dave followed the cracks with wide, frightened eyes. The wire was fraying horrifically between their fingers. The shaking increased furiously, buckling the door of the elevator as it swung in the shaft. Hill was sweating profusely below them.

Suddenly, the wire snapped under the stress and the elevator plunged down the shaft, waiting for the untimely disaster that lay in store for them far below. Glass, debris and small pieces of rock followed them down the shaft; some hit, some missed and others crashed into the roof of the elevator. Nathan and Dave shielded themselves from the barrage of rubble as they plummeted still further into the bowels of Black Mesa.

"Holy Heeeeeeeelllllllllll," they both screamed at the top of their voices, followed by a long string of incomprehensible swear-words.

Abruptly, the elevator smashed into the bottom of the shaft. It crunched onto the bottom of the floor with a sickening squelch, indicating that the scientist inside was now a small cube of flesh, blood and muscle. Nathan looked around; he could feel blood slowly dripping from a head wound and trickling down his forehead. Dave's wrist was badly broken; the bone was showing through his skin, and his face was contorted with unbearable pain as he screamed.

"Are you OK?" Nathan asked him, feeling immensely stupid afterwards, as he got his sleek torch out of his top pocket and shone it on the wound. Blood was pouring out of it. Dave looked, outraged, at Nathan.

"Does it look OK?" he bellowed incredulously.

Suddenly, high above them, clanging noises echoed in the elevator shaft. Dave and Nathan exchanged scared looks as a large shape emerged from the darkness. The shaking subsided as a large shape materialised out of the darkness; it was the counterweight that kept the elevator moving slowly.

"DIVE!" Nathan screamed, pulling Dave with him as he dove through the glass door. Fragments of glass cut into them and they landed, hard, onto their hands. Dave's wrist gave a sickening click and he screamed again in pain. The counterweight smashed into the roof of the elevator, sending glass, rubble, rocks and blood everywhere. They looked up to see a staggering figure -

3. Awoken Dangers

Half-Life: Classified

Chapter 3: Awoken Dangers

Anomalous Materials Viewing Station

Nuclear Strike in 07:00hours

Time: 10:20am

Sam wheezed heavily as dark smoke swirled horrifically like a murderous storm overhead, it was thick and black as it entered his raw lungs, instantly drying his mouth and irritating his lungs. The room was a disaster area where fiery, deadly, red flames licked up the computer panels as other vicious flames engulfed every piece of flammable furniture in the small room. He opened his smoke-clogged eyes to the horrible scene that awaited him he rubbed his blackened hands over his grubby face, a large lump was forming on his forehead and his lean body was covered in light scratches and red bruises. A green lightening bolt flashed through the room ploughing into the wall panels from the dysfunctional laser, it showered down green sparks onto the concrete laser room floor. Sam pushed himself up rubble, dust and fragments of walls and ceiling rained down off his clothes onto the red and white tiled floor. The other scientists were eminently dead, red thick blood was seeping from their mangled burnt bodies. Sam started to gasp, he was starting to get dizzy and his vision clouded but a loud BANG cleared his vision and awoke him. He scanned the room and instinctively wrenched at the door handle that would let him breathe fresh air and release him from his fiery prison. The bulbous red light was buzzing loudly signifying a resonance cascade had happened. "DAMN!" he bawled out above the jumble of shocking, and weird, noises and sounds. Sam bent down and scooped up a shard of rock and hurled it at the Perspex glass door. The rubble lightly bounced off the door and weakly fell back down to the floor. The flames were licking at him, waiting to strike him, as clear sweat was pouring off in small beads. He clawed around desperately throwing things items at the door. As a stapler, which had no effect on the door, clattered to the ground Sam picked up a flaming office chair and launched it at the door as hard as he could at the door. It blasted through the door causing shards of glass everywhere. Cool, inviting, refreshing air wafted in letting the smoke billow out into the long corridor, slowly, he regulated his breath again. He quickly climbed through the shattered door frame into the corridor where chaos had, apparently, rocked the whole facility lights were shattered and cracked, littering the floor with clear glass. The corridor was trashed multi-coloured wires hanging down like streamers and a laser channel was severed causing the laser to slice erratically through items in the corridor and ceiling. He looked around terrified as he glanced a guard was climbing slowly over what had once been a sturdy wall "Wretchâ€¦is that you?" he coughed astonished

"Holy Hell, Tom is that you?" he paused, taking in the appalling scene "What the hell happened?"

"I was hoping you would tell me," he replied exasperatedly. Suddenly, a high-pitched squeal erupted behind him in a pile of rubble, a small chicken-like thing with claws and a gaping jaw in its underbelly. "Get down it's a headcrab" Tom said quickly as he fired his pistol at the headcrab, it fell to the ground with a sickening thwack, green pus seeping from its dead body. Sam looked around bemused "What the hell is that? And what the hell are we going to do now?" he asked. "That is a headcrab, little bastards that latch themselves onto your face and turn you into that," he pointed at a pane of Perspex glass where a creature wearing a white lab coat was pounding against it, a bead of sweat rolled down Sam's face "And the way out, I think, is up" he replied, informed. "That's in the emergency pack for escape but I bet you didn't read that did you?" Tom smiled as he gave a faked disapproving stare "No." Sam answered, he pointed down past the

Perspex glass to a severed laser connector that was refracting the berserk at odd angles all across the corridor, tearing it to shreds. "I don't think we can get out that way," Sam said rationally. Tom and Sam exchanged a worried look as the electronic alarm system droned metallically "Major Resonance Cascade Detected, please evacuate the premises immediately and remember do not use the elevators or tram systems at this present time." Tom walked towards the viewing chamber when he came back out he was a whiter shade of pale "Bloody Hell!" he shouted "How did you manage to survive that?" he bent down and picked up a twisted piece of metal and threw it at Sam. He caught it and gripped it in his hands; it was still warm to the touch. "How did you get here?" Sam asked.

"I was patrolling the area to guard against unauthorized personnel, when suddenly, a deep rumbling erupted and I got knocked over by a falling vending machine, luckily, I could manage to get it off me and I came round here, saw you, and here we are now" he answered "How about you?" Sam then began to retell the series of events that led up to the situation Sam was in "He did you survive?" he asked incredulously.

"I was lucky" Sam replied as they started to climb up to the rubble remains "What happened here?"

Tom shrugged "I just know I didn't want to be standing by here when it blew up." They turned into, another, war-torn corridor. Sadly, bodies littered the floor, some charred and beaten, "Tragic," Tom said meaningfully. Sam saw a gun lying beside a security guard who had lots of blood seeping from his chest Sam gazed at the gun "Are you going to pick it up or not?" Tom asked. Sam went near the body, feeling extremely repulsed as he reached for the disowned weapon. The gun was cheap and heavy in Sam's hands probably more for looks than actual use. Tom looked at Sam "Take the safety off," he ordered "I don't want another dead body on my conscience." Sam latched off the Safety and scanned the area, a small movement behind them made them jump and turn around. A horrifying sight awaited them was the body of a security guard but the head was now the back of a headcrab. The zombie's chest had burst open it was green with white ribs punching through the skin. Sam started to tremble; Tom looked across before firing two shots. Both shots ripped into the back of the attached headcrab. The zombie swiped his large bloody fingered hands into the air and screamed in terrible pain. It fell to the ground green pus and blood seeping from it. Tom stayed silent as they moved through the close woven web of corridors. Tom and Sam moved through a cramped doorway which led to a compact office. The office consisted of a desk with an old clunky windows 98 computer and equipment strewn across it. Stationary was sporadically placed all over the office and a green filing cabinet was on its side spewing its diet of papers. Suddenly, the automatic voice that seemed to be a calm snippet of the disaster started as the lights flickered and died like a candle burning out "Pressure in Hydroelectric Turbine B critical, Repeat high pressure in Hydroelectric Turbine B." Tom looked at Sam confused "What does that mean?"

Sam answered tentatively "The electric for floor 3 is powered by a hydroelectric plant and seeing the electricity is severed and blowing up fuses but the turbines haven't been turned off so they are going to overload."

"What happens when they overload?" Tom asked in the bleak darkness.

Am answered scared of the answer "They explode."

****Main Lobby B****

****Nuclear Strike in 7:20hours****

****Time: 10:00am****

Jane, screaming, rolled out of the way of the headcrab, picked up a large chunk of fallen concrete and threw it at. The concrete hit the head crab with a sickening squelch and splintered on the ground. Jane felt mild satisfaction, before a wave of realisation set in. Dim light on gave out vague shapes in the enormous lobby. Jane slowly clamber to her feet and started to scan the area in her strict fashion. Crimson blood was dripping from her nose but otherwise she was relatively unscathed, however, groans and moans told that the others in the crowded lobby weren't so well off. She slowly scaled the uneven hills of rubble, furious sparks showering down. She wondered, out of place in the chaos, through the rubble when a hideous high-pitched squeal erupted behind her making her scream and jump. A picture of horror was in front of her, it had the vague shape of a dog but halfway through it cut off and just had a large round brown 'eye' it sprinted round a blue aura surrounding it. Jane's eyes widened, she froze with fear, the dog-like thing approached her and slowly the squeal got louder and higher. Alarmingly, the squeal dissipated and a blue blast billowed from the eye. Jane dived out of the way. The blue charge hit the rubble behind her spraying it across the lobby and digging into the remains of the laser. Jane got back up as quickly as the 'dog' jumped about freakishly, she grabbed the nearest thing to her in panic the blue Apple Mac monitor that normally sat on the security desk rose up in it and threw it with all the strength she could muster. The Mac monitor slammed into the dog's devilish eye and crushed it instantly; it gave out a howl of distinguished pain. "_Wow Mac's are good for something" _she thought as a slow sombre ring came from her pocket. She reached into her torn pocket and, to her astonishment; her sleek Motorola phone was still in working order. She slowly put to her ear but still spoke in her brisk tone "Hello?" she questioned bemused to who would be ringing her. "It's Breen," he replied.

"What the hell have you done?" she spoke furiously in a rush of anger.

"Calm down Jane, I hope I haven't made a mistake in taking you on board," he replied with no emotion. Jane's personal emotions were suppressed immediately as she answered slowly and curtly "No, I'm sure you haven't, but what is going to happen to me? What are you doing? What are these things?" Breen answered immediately

"Not so many questions, Jane, all you need to do is escape like me, I can fend for myself so I am sure you can do to but, seeing as you asked so nicely, I will inform you on those 'things' as you called them. They are creatures from Xen they are harmful so watch out." And with that bit of swift advice the line cut off. Jane looked confused those small tit-bits of information muddling her brain but then another 'dog' appeared. This time, she didn't feel she would win so she turned and started to run in the direction of the open alcove that led into the corridor. The blue vicious energy smashed into the strobe light, which also showered down sparks, above her as she continued to run from the beast. Jane screeched and burst into an

office, she quickly shut the door but jumped in horror at what awaited her. The disfigured zombie in front of her swung at her try to disembowel her. She shoulder-barged the imitation wood door she just locked and smashed it off its hinges and she continued to run down the corridor. Panic set into her brain as the zombie staggered behind her. Jane dashed down the corridor, on her way she saw a grey skinned gaunt man a crisp blue suit clutching a black, leather briefcase seemingly oblivious to the ensuing chaos around them. Jane continued down the corridor to a gleaming metal door. She slammed against it but it wouldn't budge as if wanting to seal her fate. Two abominable wrecks of once humans joined the first and they advanced in horrifying accompaniment. Jane wrenched at the door handle with a whimper of despair they closed ready to devour her. She searched herself desperately for something to save her, she could see behind the zombies the man in the suit stalked off. She suddenly grabbed her swipe card and prayed she had clearance as she swiped it. A small beep signalled salvation, she flung herself through the door and slammed the door behind herself. She found herself in the wrecked remains of Anomalous Research Lab, it was a horrific disaster zone, blood sprayed up the walls like abstract art, the sturdy metal platform had collapsed under itself, the viewing station was a smoking burning wreck and the laser was hanging by slim electrical wires and metal brackets. Jane walked through the rubble her mental resilience was crumbling a body was mutilated on the floor, battered and bruised, a tear rolled down her cheek full of sadness but she wiped it away, smoke billowed out of the viewing station choking the air. Jane dashed over to the air lock door; it was broken and locked a couple of feet above the ground. Jane slowly ducked under it and found another rampant trail of destruction. Bodies, rubble and limbs littered the cracked and blood-splattered floor. Sick climbed to the back of her throat but she, reluctantly, swallowed it back down leaving the acidic taste in her mouth. Suddenly, a sharp click echoed from her high heel, it had snapped in two, she took off the other shoe and bashed it until they were equal height. She slipped her heels and walked nervously down the corridor. The automatic voice cut in above her rambling about the Resonance Cascade. Jane automatically knew what had happened, the power had overloaded the laser and caused this disaster. She continued round the corner and choked there, in front of her, was the body of Seline's boyfriend spread-eagled across the corridor a shard of metal piercing his stomach thick blood pouring across the corridor. Seline was hunched over him sobbing her hand running through his lifeless hair. She looked around her black mascara making tarry rivers down her face before running into her lipstick. "Jane!" she squealed running up to her before hugging her tightly and sobbing into her shoulder, Jane stood firm and patted her awkwardly. "How did you survive?" Jane asked tensely.

"I just ran anywhere I could and then I found," a tear rolled down her cheek "and then I found." She wailed out tears running down her cheeks. Jane's suit was getting soaking with the amount of tears pouring on it "I think we better move," Jane said firmly

"But but" Seline tried to fight back but Jane gave a look of pure cool and calm and said "Do you want to end up like him? Do you? If Not we better move before anything comes to maul us." Then the corridor was cast into darkness and Jane had never felt so scared in her life

****Sewage Treatment And Recycling Facility****

****Nuclear Strike In 6:50hours ****

****Time 10:40am****

Above them the disfigured zombie swung down it's large curled talons, Nathan rolled out of the way desperately as the talons smashed into the pile of rubble. Dave whipped out his H&K and fired three 45.ACP bullets into the chest of the zombie which had ripped open and at the open heart. The heart exploded from the impact releasing green pus over Nathan and Dave. Dave wiped down his bullet-proof vest with a look of disgust as the zombie gave a defiant roar before collapsing on a pile of debris. Nathan spat and smeared the pus off his face and continued to clean the rest of his tattered clothing. "Nice shot but please don't try and get me covered in this shit again," Nathan said disgruntled. Dave gave a look of incredulously before saying "Oh sorry I will not save you because of your dry cleaning," sternly. Dave then gripped Nathan's grubby hand and wrenched him to his feet. The lights flickered off, letting the darkness surround them and making their eyes acclimatise quickly. Everything that had been so clear to them minutes ago had disappeared into the eerie darkness. Nathan dived into his pocket and retrieved his small black flashlight and flicked it on. A thin golden beam of light shone out, depicting the things that had been crystal clear minutes ago. A few feet in front of them was a pile of rubble that had been the ceiling and office space little less than an hour ago. The corridor was long and compact with three doors available to them before corridor was blocked off by a solid wall of debris. The lights flickered back on restoring everything to full view. The pair edged over to the first door on their right marked 'Turbine Room' in big white letters. The room was a high ceiling, grey walled room that would make anybody sick from the colour. They walked along the high steel platform which clanged deeply with their footsteps. They stared down at the whirring turbine, which sounded like a purring yet angry cat, "I think we better check this out," Dave muttered as they rounded the corner to a grubby ladder. Nathan swivelled round and started to slowly descend the ladder. Its rusty nails creaked heavily as he surveyed the dilapidated room. He jumped the last few rungs and scanned the room with his pistol drawn as Dave clumsily clambered after him. A tall zombie appeared from the behind the turbine with a flash of green behind it "I'm sure I checked thereâ€¦" Nathan thought as it edged towards Dave. Nathan span the gun round at the zombie and with three muzzle flashes and a series of bangs the zombie was writhing wreck on the ground. Dave hurriedly said "Thanks bro'" before going over to the now whining turbine. Nathan joined Dave and looked at the incomprehensible amount of knobs, dials and switches that populated the side of the turbine. Suddenly, a gauge rose alarming fast in front of them. It passed through white, green, yellow, orangeâ€¦ "What should we do?" Nathan urged flicked random switches and turning different dials that made the turbine whine louder or higher pitched. "I don't know what to do I'm no bloody mechanic!" Dave said agitated as the needle dangerously taunted them by wandering in between dark orange and crimson red. "We _have _to do _something_!" Nathan said as he furiously got out his H&K pistol and fired a clip into the turbine. Glass showered down as bullets hit vital wires and ricocheted inside the machine and the pipe carrying superheated steam burst making the room boiling in seconds. The black needle rocketed into the red and a claxon sounded above the hisses of steam wailing an emergency call at them "Pressure increase in Turbine B would all engineers please report immediately to Turbine room B for information!" The siren pulsed down red bursts of light that

illuminated the hot steam and turned it into a red mist that made the room a chamber of horrors. "What the fuck have you done?!" Dave ranted "We need to get of here now, fast!" The turbine gave a defiant roar as a flame burst through the tough casing; the flame did a triumphant dance as it grew and spread. Dave grabbed Nathan's arm and sprinted for the nearest door which was marked 'Maintenance Stairwell.' He flung the metal door open, dragging Nathan behind him. The grey stairwell was cramped and dingy with no light. As they started to pound up the stairs the door swung shut and the feeble dingy light disappeared forming complete darkness. They rounded the top in blind fear knocking a dying plant over with one of their failing feet, spraying hard mud everywhere. They reached the top of the next flight of steps breathless as a bang indicated the door below them had burst open. They choose the door on their left immediately and burst through it. They entered a massive room that stank of putrid sewage and both of their noses wrinkled immediately. Three big vats battled each other in the space with each having it's own silver arm churning round. Suddenly a beast rounded around from behind the largest vat. The 'thing' had two legs and was about four foot in height. It's skin was mottled green and had two eyes set on stalks that swivelled around scanning. It's head was disfigured and had three slimy tentacles and a gaping hole of a mouth. It spat and a wad of green phlegm hit a body that lay dead beside it. The toxic phlegm hit the body and a hissing noise began; the body began to rot slowly where the phlegm hit. Suddenly, a deafening roar rose through the building petrifying the walls and shocking the ceilings. The explosion rocked the facility again; a massive crack filled the air as a chunk of ceiling detached itself and fell thunderously through the air. The ceiling smashed the beast, the vat and the metal arm through the floor. The metal arm jutted out of the pit in the floor like a sword, the sewage dripping down blood. The sewage poured into the pit and a gigantic flame burst out raising the room temperature instantly as the lights disappeared leaving everything in the clumsy shadows of the dancing flame. "Oh great all you had to do was keep your fucking cool but _noooooo_ you had to shoot the turbine didn't you? Thought that would help?" Dave roared above the crackling of the flames. Nathan wiped his brow as he beamed his flashlight around "Look I'm sorry but we need to get out of here or we'll be toast," Nathan retorted annoyed. The lights flickered and bloomed back on as the inhuman tannoy erupted "Emergency electricity generators online and active at 100 percent." A large crumbling noise echoed round the huge room before a chunk of floor fell into the hole. Nathan looked down as Dave rubbed his leg, as he raised his hand blood trickled and formed rivers down his fingers. Nathan ripped a part of his shirt off and fashioned a tourniquet round the wound. Dave winced but said nothing. They started to move slowly past the vats. The hole had gone down smashing into the water supply, a battle was waging down there, and neither of them wanted any part of it. Another vat gave way and cracked, sewage dribbled along the floor like mucus, Nathan and Dave strode across it, nose's wrinkled. They edged tentatively around the pit. Strangely, it hypnotically tempted them to get even closerâ€¦_get in_. They shook their heads to regain focus. Dave couldn't help but wonder "_Why_ did that happen." His brain wielded no answer just shook in confusion. A slow bubbling above them, they looked up, concerned. Suddenly, a brown, black and green sludge poured out of a tube from the dismantled ceiling. Dave rolled out of the way wincing in pain as he went. Nathan easily dodged it and snickered at Dave sprawled on the ground as the goo filtered down. It thudded to the ground and a ghastly smell erupted, signalling it was fresh sewage. Dave smiled thinking "Who the hell could still be using

the toilet now?" He imagined a scientist using a toilet before being 'surprised' by a zombie and burst out laughing. Nathan looked across "I don't want to know what happens up in your head but we got to move," he said slightly amused. They carried on to the other side of the bland room. A rusted door awaited them, Nathan gave it a short hard kick and it fell down as the hinges gave way. They entered and wandered looking for anything that would hint a way out, just the thought of freedom spurred them on. They thrust open a random door and were surprised to be in a room that look way out of place. Alienware PC's were orderly placed on desks flashing blue screens casting the room a ghostly blue glow. A small precise comment was left on the screens _"Hard Drive empty please re-insert start disk,"_ this was repeated several times in white letters. They didn't speak but continued in. Filing Cabinets were tipped over, one was still smouldering, and papers littered the floor. Flat screen Televisions were pinned to the wall most of them were blue with a white square in the middle saying 'No Feed.' In the apparent rush some had been smashed. Along another wall was a cabinet filled with Spas-12 shotguns, M-16 rifles and yellow and black stun guns as they viewed their mouths hung open. "To be honest I don't think we were told the truth," Nathan growled as he rifled through papers. "Stating the obvious again Nathan? How lovely," Dave retorted. "Shut up and look or I punch that wound of yours!"

"But _what_ exactly are looking for?"

"Anything that gives us a bloody clue to what is going on! Now get to it." They searched in silence wondering what all of this was about. Something caught Dave's attention he read and he whispered shakily to Nathan "Come here now," he looked fearful "This is the document that tells us we are going to dieâ€|"

End
file.